A DEAL IN PEANUT BRITTLE.

The Trading Venture of a Youthful Member of the Gratebar Family.

When they put the price of peanut brittle down to 12 cents a pound in the big stores, Maude Gratebar, the oldest of the Gratebar children, had an idea. Peanut brittle costs 20 cents a pound in the grocery stores and confectionery stores up around where the Gratebars live. Maude's idea was to take some of her money—she is thrifty and always has a little money—and buy peanut brittle at one of the big stores at 12 cents and job it out to the children at 20. She thought that she could rely on the trade of the Gratebar household, - re she was well known, and the l showed that her confidence was - misplaced.

Maude bought three pounds of peanut brittle at 12 cents a pound, 36 cents; car fare added, 10 cents; total investment, 46 cents. Sold at 20 cents a pound this would manifestly bring in 60 cents, so that Maude expected to make 14 cents on the deal. Trade opened very briskly. Philip and George and Clara, the other Gratebar children, transferred their entire trade in peanut brittle to the home store. Maude sold in any quantity asked for—a single penny's worth, if desired. This made it very handy for George and Clara, the two younger children, who could run into their mother's room and ask for a penny and then scoot into Maude's room and buy peanut brittle with it.

Maude used a toy scale and weights that had been given to one of the children as a Christmas present. This was bad, for the weights had never been sealed, and despite her thrift Maude is generous, and what between the unsealed weights and her own generosity, whenever the children bought 1 cent's worth she really gave them nearer 2 cents' worth, so that when the peanut brittle was half gone, and she should have had 30 cents, she really had only 21. But this loss might have been retrieved and the deal still closed at a profit if Maude had not begun to give credit. Maude knew well enough that that wasn't business, but what could she do when little Clara came along and said mother'd gone out, and she wanted a cent's worth of peanut brittle and asked Maude to trust her for it till mother came in. Could Maude refuse to trust her own little sister for a cent's worth of peanut brittle? Why, certainly not. She let her have it.

At the end of a week George and Clara had run up a joint account of 10 cents. Then Maude shut down on them absolutely. No more peanut brittle, except for cash and the payment of all back indebtedness. That threw them at once back upon their mother. Called upon for 10 cents all at once instead of for pennies separately, Mrs. Gratebar investigated. She found the two younger children in debt to Maude, and Maude herself uncomfortable over the situation. Philip had bought 10 cents' worth of brittle, so that the total cash receipts had been 31 cents. But even counting what the little children owed as good there wasn't brittle enough remaining on hand, even if sold for cash and at full price, to make good the original investment.

Things were getting complicated, and Mrs. Gratebar acted promptly. She paid the children's debts, and then at once bought the entire remaining stock of brittle and divided it among all the children. Mrs. Gratebar paid 10 cents for this remainder, so that after all Maude closed out the deal at a small profit, but it wasn't enough to pay for the bother, and that would have been sufficient to deter her from all such ventures in the future, even if this had not been the express understanding with which Mrs. Gratebar came to the rescue.—New York Sun.

Rose Colored Snow.

Said James in amazement,
"I thought you told me
That rose colored snow
On the ground I could see?"

"So I did," answered Arthur
In tones of delight.
"But did you not know
That some roses are white?"

Granny's Come to Our House.

Granny's come to our house!
Ain, ho, my lawzy daisy!
All the children round the place
Is ist a-runnin crazy.
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
An fetched a pie fer Nanny,
An fetched a pear fer all the pack
'At runs to kiss their granny.

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
An Wade an Si an Walker
Both's a-ridin on her foot,
An Pollo's on the rocker,
An Marthy's twins, from Aunt Marinn's
An little orphant Annie,
All's a-eatin gingerbread
An giggleun at granny.

Tells us all the fairy tales
Ever thought er wondered—
An 'bundance o' other stories—
Bet she knows a hundred!
Bob's the one fer "Whittington,"
An "Golden Locks" fer Fanny—
Hear 'em laugh an clap their hands,
Listenun at granny!

"Jack the Giant Killer" 's good,
An "Beanstalk" 's another,
So's the one of "Cinderell" "
An her old godmother.
That un's best of all the rest—
Bestest one of any—
Where the mices scampers home
Like we runs to granny.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Improving the Flavor.

"I don't like this soup. It is not good." And a little boy laid down his spoon.

"Very well, then," said his mother, "you need not eat it."

That afternoon the little boy had to go with his father to weed the garden. It was very warm, and they worked until supper time. Then they went into the house, and the mother brought the boy a plate of soup.

"That's good soup, mother," he said, and he ate every bit.

"It is the very same soup you left at dinner today. It tastes better now because you have earned your supper.

A dinner earned by honest labor
Will never want a pleasant flavor.
—Exchange.

BABY DONKEYS.

A Pair of Popular Pets In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

The children have two new pets out at Golden Gate park. There are two brand new baby donkeys that are brought out for an hour or two daily to the playground, and when they are there nothing else in the park attracts any attention at all from the children.

The donkeys are not much bigger than San Joaquin valley jack rabbits, and each one wears a pair of ears many sizes too large for him. They are very social-

ble and enjoy being petted by the little folks, but the attention they have attracted has sort of spoiled them. When they get tired of being fondled, they are just as likely as not to kick the nearest child with the most malevolent intention in the world. The kick of one of the baby donkeys is a trifle more serious than a slap from a chicken might be, and nothing pleases the young donkey worshipers more than to provoke one of these manifestations of displeasure. Of course nobody thinks of harnessing or saddling the little donkeys yet. They could as well think of hitching a couple of lambs.

They have not been named yet, and they look so much alike that only their closest acquaintances among the children know them apart. They are given into Mr. Murphy's charge, Mr. Murphy being the superintendent of the children's playground, for a very short time every day except Sundays. The exception is made because the wise people to whom the future of the young donkeys has been intrusted do not think that they would be able to stand the excitement and petting they would get from a Sunday crowd of children. As it is, they are surrounded all the time that they are in the playground by children, and the funny woolly little beasts with the long ears and wrinkled noses are already threatened with dyspepsia from the inordinate quantity of peanuts, popcorn and candy that has been smuggled to them.

Up to date the donkeys, in addition to accepted edibles, have devoured several dozen pockets and quite a number of ninafores.

The little beasts get quite tired out with the excitement and the fondling, and then they are led away to a stable, followed by a wistful lot of children. The idea of bringing them to the play-

ground is to accustom them to children, so that when their time shall come to haul the little carts or be saddled up there will be no difficulty.—San Francisco Examiner.

"A Brother to Girls."

Strolling through the city's streets on a sunny day a merry band of boys and girls issuing from Sunday school, each bearing a picture paper in hand, attracted my attention. One among them, a sturdy lad of 6, led by the hand a little tot of 4. Great pools of water flooded the crossings. At each one the little fellow lifted his wee charge, and staggering beneath the burden, bore her safely over. Both by instinct and training the American boy early learns this lesson of care and attention to his girl playmates. Perhaps to this we owe the fact that the whole world over American men are held to be most chivalrous toward women, the most unselfish of husbands, the most indulgent of fathers, the most attentive of brothers and the most devoted of friends, thus causing the lot of American women to be looked upon as enviable by the women of all other nations.—Home Queen.

It Stalled on the Way.

At Madison a gentleman wrote a telegram and gave it to a negro, with instructions to hand the same to the telegraph operator. The negro delivered it and said:

"Mr. Leak says send dis telumspatch off immejitly."

The operator told him he would do so as quick as the wires could carry it.

As the negro was leaving he spied a paper, which the March breezes had gathered up and were whirling along the wire toward a pole, on which it lodged. He watched the paper for some time, and becoming satisfied it could not get away went back to the office, called the operator and said:

"Boss, Mistah Leak am in a powerful hurry 'bout dat bizness."

The operator told him the message was already at its destination. But that scrap of paper on the wire had convinced the darky that the telegram had stalled before it got out of town, and he was determined to let it be known.

"Boss, I ain't gwine to 'sputo your word, but you look on dat pole. Dat telumspatch will never git to whar it gwine 'cept you send somebody erlong to knock it off'n de poles!"—Detroit Free Press.

Opposition to the New Woman.

The physician was surprised to find the head of the household at the door with a shotgun.

"Why, what's the matter?" stammered the doctor.

"That there medicine you give my wife she says is makin her feel like a new woman. And I want you to understand that no new woman business goes in this house. Fust thing I know she'll be out makin speeches."—Indianapolis Journal.

Different.

Chase (to dentist)—I won't pay anything extra for gas. Just yank the tooth out, even if it does hurt a little.

Dentist—I must say you are very plucky. Just let me see the tooth.

Chase—Oh, I haven't got any toothache. It's Mrs. Chase. She'll be here in a minute.—Truth.

Strange.

Brown—I never thought that parting with Maria for the first time would have made me feel so very ill.

A Truthful Boy.

Mrs. De Fad (in bric-a-brac shop)—You have a beautiful collection of antiques here.

New Boy—Yes'm; we have all the latest novelties.—New York Weekly.

Woman Represents "Progress."

The colossal figure of "Progress" which is to surmount the dome of the city hall at San Francisco, 300 feet above the street, will be 22½ feet in height and represents a female figure holding aloft a torch

ODD, PICTURESQUE FIGURES

A Few Landmarks That Still Linger In the Creole City.

MUSTY OLD FRENCH BUILDINGS

The Passing Away of the Creole, Negro and the Trades Monopolized by Him. The Plarine Seller and Pole Peddler. French Market Object of Interest.

[Special New Orleans (La.) Letter.]

What is known as the "Creole negro" is gradually disappearing from the picturesque "French quarter," not so much from the advance of enterprise, but from the advance of time—old age. Nothing advances in the French quarter excepting the price of board and room rent during Mardi Gras and other holiday festivals. The "Creole darky" is a descendant of the West Indian negro, repudiates the African negro alliance, and claims to be a "Frenchman." He thus draws the color line, or rather that of caste, and

PLARINE SELLER.

is a distinct picturesque type. Like the Bourbon French of the Latin quarter, he refuses to learn English, and not being sufficiently intelligent to speak French utters a *patois* that is neither English nor French, and is mostly shrugs and intonations of the voice.

The "slummer," with an eye to picturesque types of humanity, finds them in the old French quarter, which is a mixture of French, Spanish, negroes of all shades, and Italians. The "hotels," *cafes*, "pensions," and "absinthe salons" are kept by the French, while the "Creole darkies" compete with them in running lodging houses. At every second door, almost, swings the tin sign: *Chambres a Garnier a Louer*. These musty old buildings, much older than their inhabitants, are entered through the usual dark, damp, and often ill-smelling court.

The room hunter is shown an "apartment" bearing every evidence of antiquity. The furniture is of French design, heavy bedsteads, almost immovable chairs, many very unsteady, and large round, heavy center tables, all carved after the styles in vogue before the reign of terror, or during the first empire. One would think almost that these melancholy descendants of the *emigres* were as old as the furniture in their rooms.

Some of the houses are of the French style of architecture, and others are of Spanish, and some are of both—the walls and general plan of the French style, with a Spanish roof. These are the oldest buildings in the city, and there are only a few of them remaining. These houses were built by the French colonists, and when the Spaniards acquired the country by gift from the dissolute French king, many of the French returned to France. As the buildings decayed the Spanish added a tile roof. The walls of brick and cement still stand, and the tile roofs are equally lasting, evidences of the solid architecture of the French and Spanish Creoles.

The inhabitants of these quaint houses of a past age, French, Spanish or quadroon, also preserve the habits and customs of their ancestors. The windows, iron-grated as a jail, are

POLE PEDDLER.

closed at night, even in summer, for then the air is laden with malaria and mosquitoes. The roofs extend over the pavement, or *banquette*, which forms a cool retreat for the absinthe drinker, smoker, and the gossiping feminines in the evening. During the day this space is utilized for the airing of the family linen. The Spanish houses have the additional court, with galleries facing upon it; and here is washed the family linen, and, incidentally, the *senoras* also air that of the neighborhood.

But this element is passing away, and in a few years the genuine "Creole darky" and the olden time French of Bourbon type, will be extinct. With them will go the household relics of their youth and of their ancestors. The newer generation of French, as well as the latter day colored element of negro-Creole descent, are inclined to be progressive, and shock the older element by crossing the dividing line of Canal street, and imbibing American ideas.

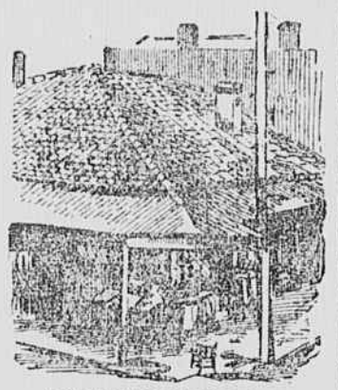
This fading away of old "landmarks" is nowhere better seen than at the French market—the first "natural object of interest" that every tourist vis its. The famous "Creole coffee" with the Creole in her red bandana and white apron, pouring out pure dripped Mocha or Java, almost strong enough to break the cup, is not seen. The stands are run by others with whom the making of coffee is a lost art. Instead of the pure article, and those white, light, digestible crullers we used to get for a "picayune" (five cents—or, more exact, six and one-fourth cents), we now get a weak dilution as black as soot and as bitter as an acorn, with greasy doughnuts, good only for paving stones. Only a few of the old-time darkies are found, and they mainly sell *plarines*—cakes made of pure white sugar, chocolate and cocoanut. They sit at their stalls, or in front of the market, all day, selling sugar cakes. If the sun shines down rather warmly, the old dames raise their umbrellas and sit, waiting for customers, humming an olden time song of the "good old days before the war." The little children, who accompany their mothers to market, patronize the plarine seller. They are awarded plarines for being "good children."

The plarine is a Creole confection, and it seems that they alone know how to make it, so pretty with vari-colored chocolate, and so toothsome.

The Creoles continue the old custom of marketing. The madame of the household comes with a house servant, or perhaps a negro boy, to carry the basket. The madame's little children come along merely to see the other children and to attend early mass with the mother after the marketing has been finished. They are usually dressed in becoming black, and, after the last vegetable has been purchased for the native gumbo, without which a Creole dinner is incomplete, the morning paper is purchased and sent home in the basket.

Another feature that is not quite extinct is the Choctaw Indian women who sell gumbo filie—that favored dish of the French. But these Indians are not as picturesque as those of a generation ago. They bear traces of civilization and wear civilized clothing. They sit as silent as statues, with their baskets and sacks of gumbo filie spread before them, with eyes cast upon the ground, never asking anyone to purchase. All around are noise, confusion and shouts of "Come, buy some nice fish!" "Sweets banana, all ripe!" and "Oranges, ten cents a dozen!" But they have a corner on the market, and know that this queer stuff is in demand.

A small remnant of the once powerful Choctaw tribe live across Lake Pontchartrain and follow the vocation of making trinkets for sale. They make water-tight baskets of various designs and shapes, and ornament them with



AN OLD NEW ORLEANS HOUSE.

pictures of fish, deer and other animals and fowl. The women gather sassafras leaves, grate them into fine powder, and bring the stuff to market—walking about five miles. The green powder is called *gumbo filie*, because it is used in the manufacture of gumbo soup. The leaves are pulverized by grating; and *filie* literally signifies something that is refined to the finest particle—or, something that is finished.

Another landmark, or picturesque figure, that is passing away is the professional "pole seller." They cut from the banks of bayous near by long slender poles, trim them and sharpen the butts, and bring them into the city, shouting, as they walk the streets: "Poles! poles!" They shout alternately in *patois* and an attempt at English. But the articles speak for themselves; those who need poles to hang clothing upon, or to prop growing trees, hail the passing peddler. All are familiar with this peculiar form of street cry, which is as distinct from the cry of any other peddler as is the blast from the tin fish horn dissimilar from the plaint of the charcoal man.

The pole peddler carries his dinner along in a basket, for he makes a canvass of the suburbs also, and he gathers up many little presents on the journey. On his return his basket is laden with cast-off shoes, hats and other articles, which his "pickaninnies" are glad to get.

A darky very seldom goes anywhere without a basket. They are always ready to receive, and the white people knowing their traits and expectations most always give some trifling article to the many peddler, though they may not have much themselves.

There is some recompense, however, in the darky's manner of rendering thanks. He invariably invokes upon the giver the blessings of the "Good Master above," or hopes that you will "go to Hebbin when you dies."

The plarine seller and pole peddler are very profuse with thanks when they make a sale, and it is very amusing to hear the smiling old colored woman say to one of the children as she hands out a toothsome plarine: "May de Good Lord love you, honey."

These are the few "land-marks" that still linger in this quaint old city—the last of the Creole days of the past generation. But the French market—its glory has departed for the sightseer.

J. M. SCANLAND.

The Work of Insects.

The great Barrier reef along the coast of Australia is about 1,500 miles long, the work of coral insects. Sometimes it rises almost perpendicularly from a depth of 1,200 fathoms.

Seat of the Thunder God.

"Trembling Mountain," a massive pile of peculiarly arranged rocks, lying on Rogue river, almost directly north of Montreal, Can., was known to the Indian by a combination of words signifying "seat of the thunder god." According to their traditions, the thunder god formerly used a broad and deep indentation on its summit as a seat, and therein he would sit for three days in spring, seven in summer, five in autumn and two in winter. They also believed that during the time he was present great chasms would open in the side of the mountain, from which fire would stream for hours without ceasing. Nothing is known concerning the early history of the mountain, but it is thought that the legend refers to old-time volcanic action, an opinion strengthened by its geographical name of "Trembling Mountain."

Do Your Arms Match?

About fifty men out of one hundred have the right arm stronger than the left; sixteen have equal strength in both arms, and nearly thirty-four have the left arm the stronger than the right. These proportions are more evenly distributed in women. Nearly forty-seven per cent. are stronger in the right arm, and about twenty-five are stronger in the left, while twenty-eight have arms of equal strength. In the case of the lower limbs, taking men and women indifferently, it has been found that out of fifty subjects twenty-three had the left leg more developed, six showed the reverse, four more showed both the right limbs more developed, while in seventeen all the limbs were more or less unequal. The strength of the whole body, as illustrated by lifting power, is about two to one in favor of men.